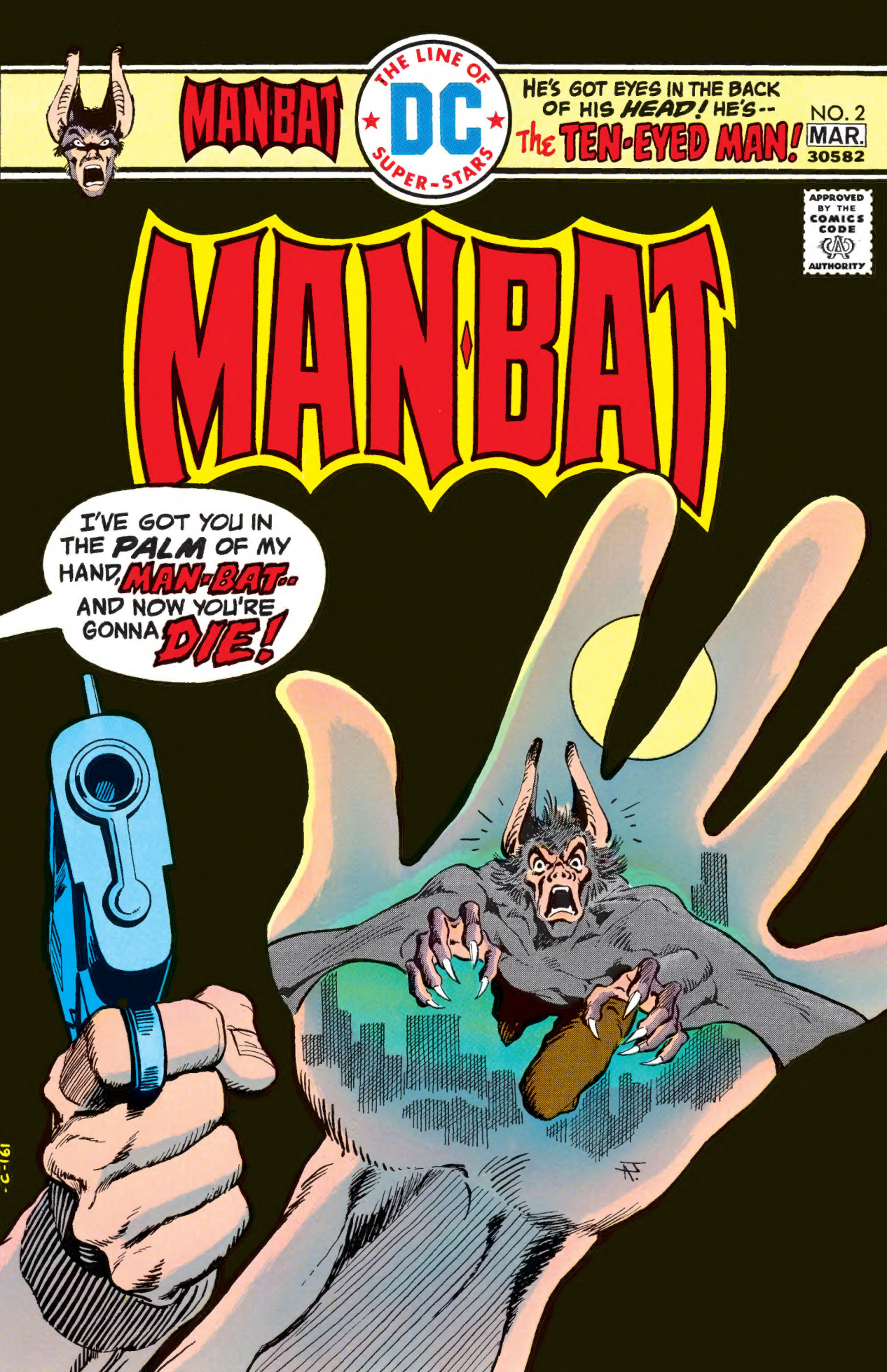
MAN-BAT
THE LINE OF DC SUPER-STARS
HE'S GOT EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD! HE'S--
THE TEN-EYED MAN!
NO. 2
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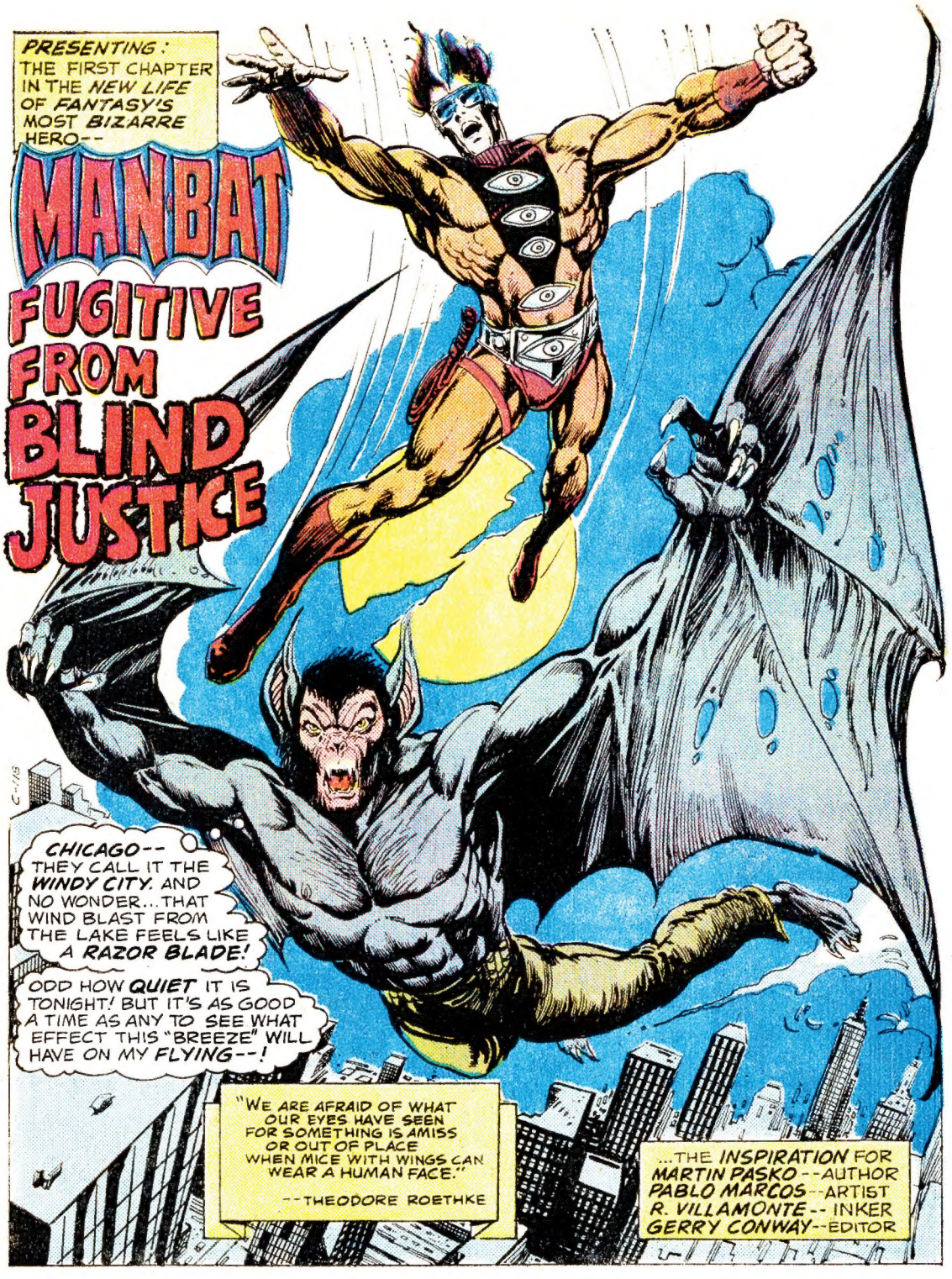
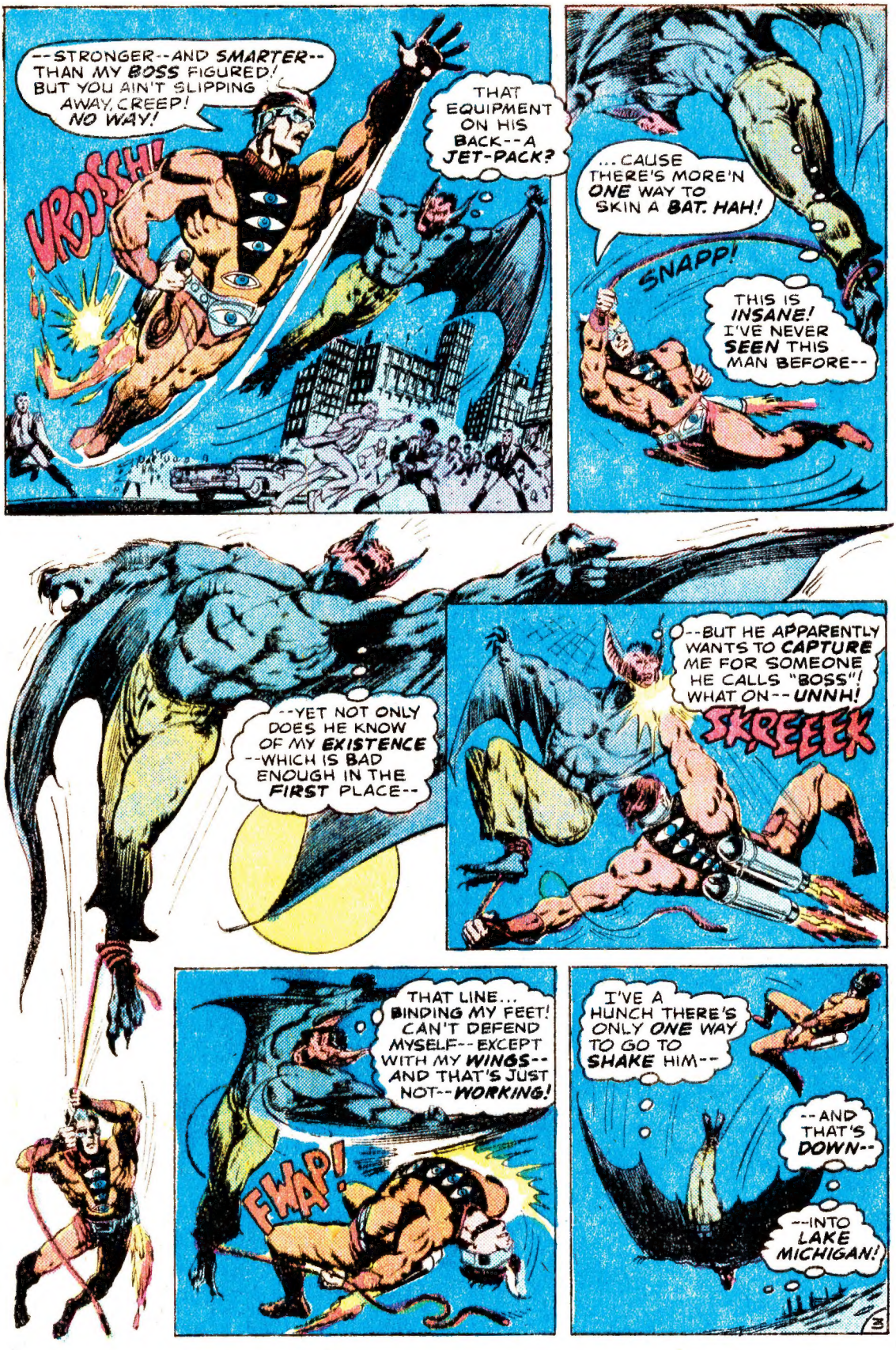
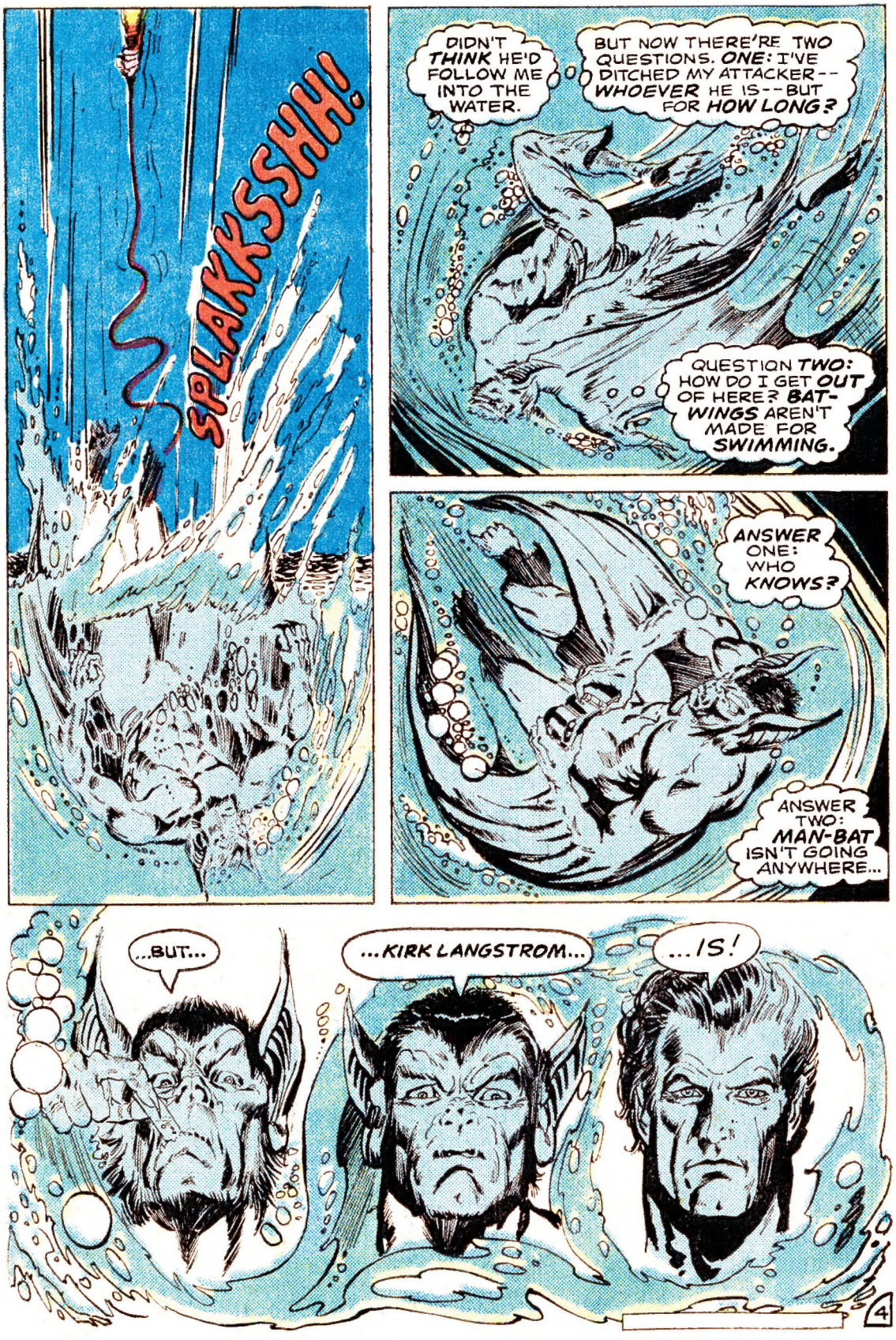
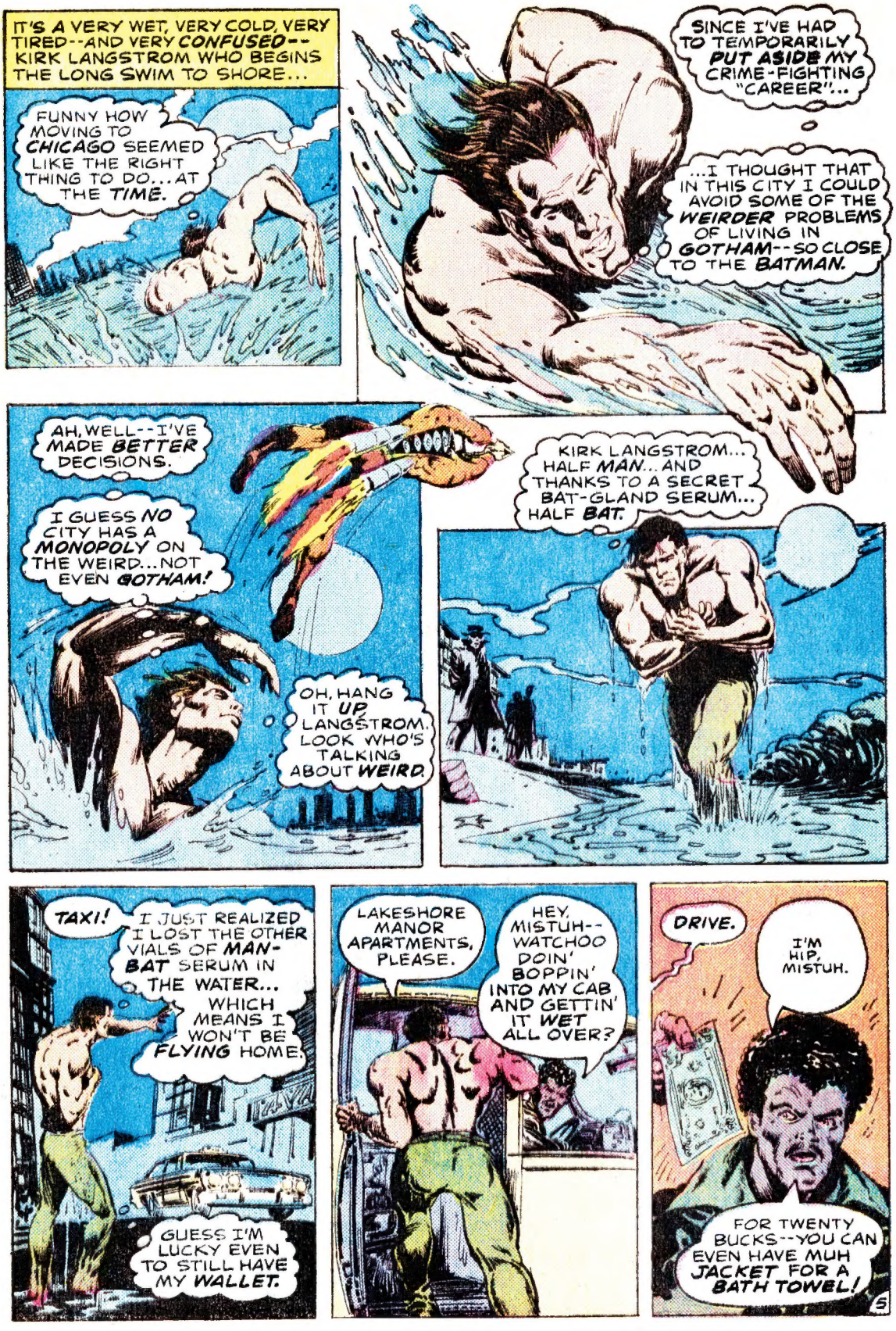
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MAN-BAT
I'VE GOT YOU IN THE PALM OF MY HAND, MAN-BAT.. AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA DIE!


PRESENTING: THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE NEW LIFE OF FANTASY'S MOST BIZARRE HERO--
MANBAT
FUGITIVE FROM BLIND JUSTICE
CHICAGO-- THEY CALL IT THE WINDY CITY. AND NO WONDER...THAT WIND BLAST FROM THE LAKE FEELS LIKE A RAZOR BLADE!
ODD HOW QUIET IT IS TONIGHT! BUT IT'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO SEE WHAT EFFECT THIS "BREEZE" WILL HAVE ON MY FLYING--!
"WE ARE AFRAID OF WHAT OUR EYES HAVE SEEN FOR SOMETHING IS AMISS OR OUT OF PLACE WHEN MICE WITH WINGS CAN WEAR A HUMAN FACE."
--THEODORE ROETHKE
...THE INSPIRATION FOR MARTIN PASKO--AUTHOR PABLO MARCOS--ARTIST R. VILLAMONTE--INKER GERRY CONWAY--EDITOR

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST WARNING, A SHADOWY FIGURE DROPS FROM THE SKY ONTO THE MAN-BAT'S BACK...
...AND TO SAY OUR NOCTURNAL HERO IS SURPRISED HAS GOT TO BE THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR!
WHOOP!
SKREEEK! WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME--?
IN FACT HE'S SO SURPRISED HE CAN'T REACT, UNTIL...
COME ON, YOU UGLY CUSS--FIGHT! YOU'RE MAKING IT ALL TOO EASY!
ZINGG!
IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT MYSTERY MAN--SKREEK--YOU'LL GET ONE!
HEY! YOU TALK--?
THWAK!
CERTAINLY, SKREEK!
UNNH!
DOESN'T EVERYONE--?
WITH NO TIME TO SPARE THE MAN-BAT SPREADS HIS POWERFUL, LEATHERY WINGS--AND THE MAZE OF NETTING SHREDS LIKE KLEENEX!
YOU'LL FORGIVE ME--SKREEK!--IF I DON'T LEAVE THE SANITATION DEPARTMENT SOMETHING TO SCRAPE OFF THE SIDEWALK.
SWAPP!
YOU'RE A STRONG CRITTER, AIN'TCHA?
2

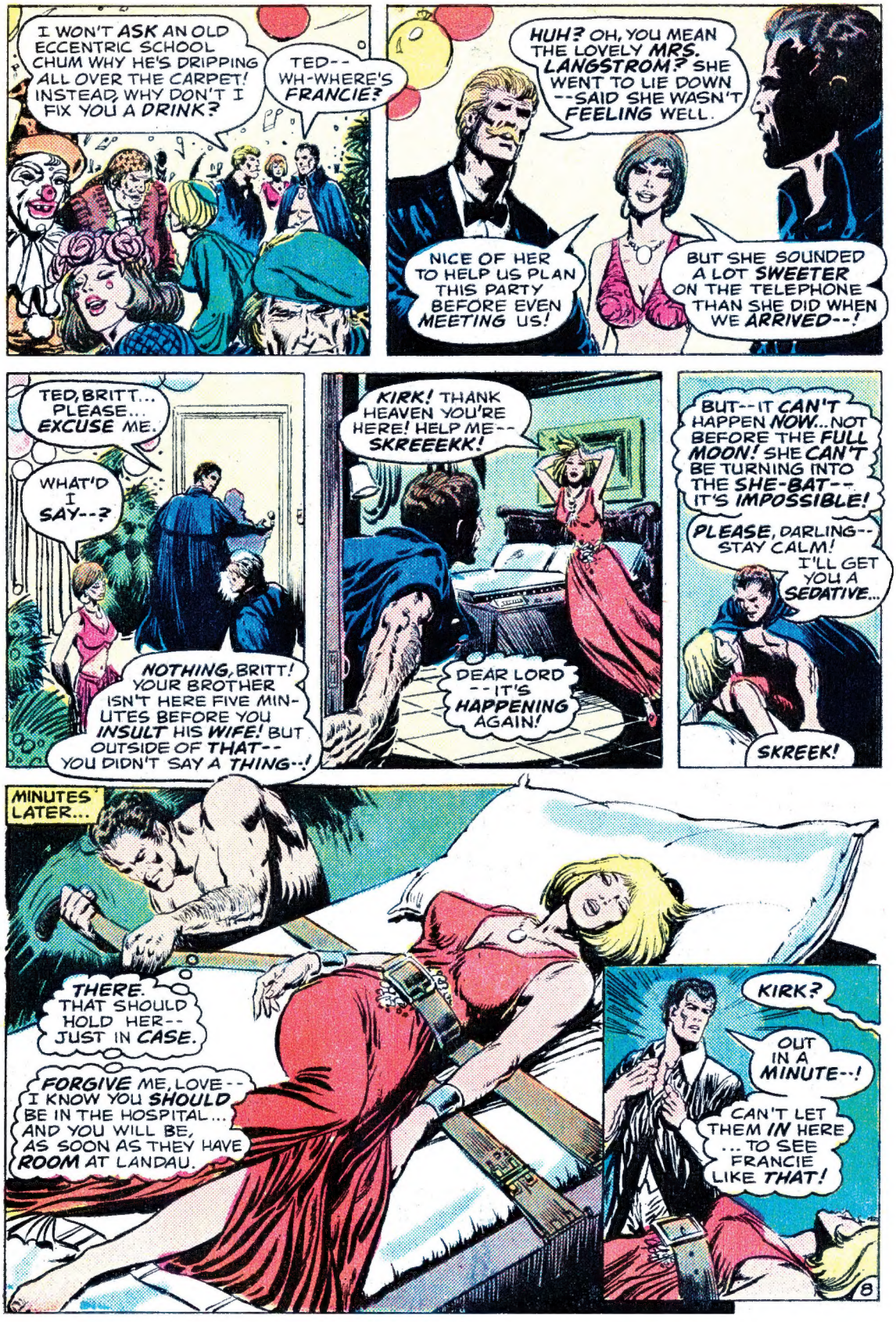

--STRONGER--AND SMARTER--THAN MY BOSS FIGURED! BUT YOU AIN'T SLIPPING AWAY, CREEP! NO WAY!
VROOSSH!
THAT EQUIPMENT ON HIS BACK--A JET-PACK?
...CAUSE THERE'S MORE'N ONE WAY TO SKIN A BAT. HAH!
SNAPP!
THIS IS INSANE! I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE--
--YET NOT ONLY DOES HE KNOW OF MY EXISTENCE --WHICH IS BAD ENOUGH IN THE FIRST PLACE--
--BUT HE APPARENTLY WANTS TO CAPTURE ME FOR SOMEONE HE CALLS "BOSS"! WHAT ON--UNNH!
SKREEEK
THAT LINE... BINDING MY FEET! CAN'T DEFEND MYSELF--EXCEPT WITH MY WINGS-- AND THAT'S JUST NOT--WORKING!
FWAP!
I'VE A HUNCH THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GO TO SHAKE HIM--
--AND THAT'S DOWN--
--INTO LAKE MICHIGAN!
3


SPLAKKSSHH!
DIDN'T THINK HE'D FOLLOW ME INTO THE WATER.
BUT NOW THERE'RE TWO QUESTIONS. ONE: I'VE DITCHED MY ATTACKER--WHOEVER HE IS--BUT FOR HOW LONG?
QUESTION TWO: HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE? BAT-WINGS AREN'T MADE FOR SWIMMING.
ANSWER ONE: WHO KNOWS?
ANSWER TWO: MAN-BAT ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE...
...BUT...
...KIRK LANGSTROM...
...IS!
4


IT'S A VERY WET, VERY COLD, VERY TIRED--AND VERY CONFUSED--KIRK LANGSTROM WHO BEGINS THE LONG SWIM TO SHORE...
FUNNY HOW MOVING TO CHICAGO SEEMED LIKE THE RIGHT THING TO DO...AT THE TIME.
SINCE I'VE HAD TO TEMPORARILY PUT ASIDE MY CRIME-FIGHTING "CAREER"...
...I THOUGHT THAT IN THIS CITY I COULD AVOID SOME OF THE WEIRDER PROBLEMS OF LIVING IN GOTHAM--SO CLOSE TO THE BATMAN.
AH, WELL--I'VE MADE BETTER DECISIONS.
I GUESS NO CITY HAS A MONOPOLY ON THE WEIRD...NOT EVEN GOTHAM!
OH, HANG IT UP LANGSTROM. LOOK WHO'S TALKING ABOUT WEIRD.
KIRK LANGSTROM... HALF MAN... AND THANKS TO A SECRET BAT-GLAND SERUM... HALF BAT.
TAXI!
I JUST REALIZED I LOST THE OTHER VIALS OF MAN-BAT SERUM IN THE WATER... WHICH MEANS I WON'T BE FLYING HOME.
GUESS I'M LUCKY EVEN TO STILL HAVE MY WALLET.
LAKESHORE MANOR APARTMENTS, PLEASE.
HEY, MISTUH--WATCHOO DOIN' BOPPIN' INTO MY CAB AND GETTIN' IT WET ALL OVER?
DRIVE.
I'M HIP, MISTUH.
FOR TWENTY BUCKS--YOU CAN EVEN HAVE MUH JACKET FOR A BATH TOWEL!
5

LULLED BY THE CAB'S MOTION, KIRK LETS HIS MIND SIFT THROUGH THE CHANGES THE PAST MONTH HAS BROUGHT...AND, WITH THEM, THE TERRIBLE REALIZATION THAT FOR EVERY DREAM THERE IS A PRICE...
...JUST AS THE PRICE OF HIS CRIME-FIGHTING DREAM HAD BEEN THE SPAWNING OF ...MAN-BAT.
AND WHEN A MAN NAMED BARON TYME DISCOVERED THE SHE-BAT'S EXISTENCE, TYME MANIPULATED FRANCIE--USING HER VAMPIRISM TO DESTROY HIS ENEMIES!*
HE DREAMED OF MARRYING FRANCINE--AND PAID THE PRICE OF TURNING HIS BRIDE INTO A BLOOD-THIRSTY SHE-BAT!
KIRK KNEW THEN THAT HE HAD TO LEAVE GOTHAM CITY--TO FIND FOR FRANCIE THE TREATMENT SHE REQUIRED...THE CARE WHICH ONLY CHICAGO'S LANDAU HOSPITAL COULD PROVIDE!
HE DREAMED OF PEACE FOR HIMSELF AND FRANCIE...AND THE PRICE FOR THAT DREAM WAS BREAKING A VOW. HE DID WHAT HE ONCE SWORE HE WOULD NEVER DO:
HE CAME HOME.

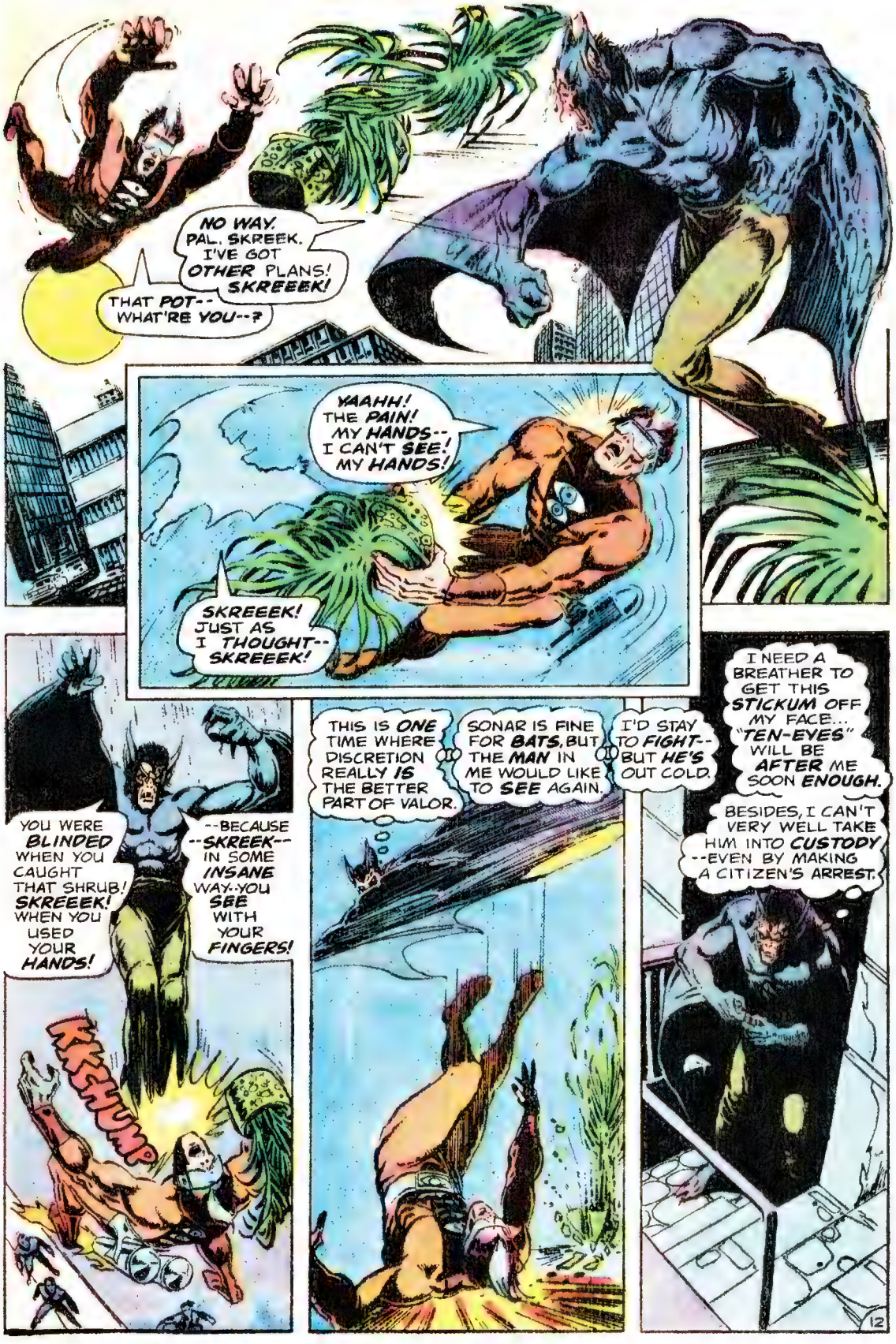
"HOME" BECAME AN APARTMENT ON CHICAGO'S NORTH SHORE, LESS SPACIOUS THAN THE SUBURBAN SPLIT-LEVEL HE'D LEFT BEHIND... BUT ADEQUATE...
FOR A LONG TIME, HE'D TRIED TO FORGET CHICAGO--FORGET WHAT IT HAD BEEN TO HIM: CHILDHOOD, SECURITY, FAMILY--
AAAAAHH-
CLICK!
--CHOO--?
--AND FRIENDS.
WELCOME HOME, KIRK!
SURPRISE!
HEY, HEY, KIRK; WHAT'S HAPPENING? WE'VE BEEN HIDING HERE FOR ALMOST TWO HOURS! WHERE THE DEVIL WERE YOU?
FROM THE LOOK OF HIM-- SKINNY-DIPPING!
LOOK AT YOU-- YOU'RE SOAKING! GET OUT OF THOSE WET THINGS BEFORE YOU CATCH YOUR DEATH!


I WON'T ASK AN OLD ECCENTRIC SCHOOL CHUM WHY HE'S DRIPPING ALL OVER THE CARPET! INSTEAD, WHY DON'T I FIX YOU A DRINK?
TED-- WH-WHERE'S FRANCIE?
HUH? OH, YOU MEAN THE LOVELY MRS. LANGSTROM? SHE WENT TO LIE DOWN --SAID SHE WASN'T FEELING WELL.
NICE OF HER TO HELP US PLAN THIS PARTY BEFORE EVEN MEETING US!
BUT SHE SOUNDED A LOT SWEETER ON THE TELEPHONE THAN SHE DID WHEN WE ARRIVED--!
TED, BRITT... PLEASE... EXCUSE ME.
WHAT'D I SAY--?
NOTHING, BRITT! YOUR BROTHER ISN'T HERE FIVE MINUTES BEFORE YOU INSULT HIS WIFE! BUT OUTSIDE OF THAT-- YOU DIDN'T SAY A THING--!
KIRK! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE HERE! HELP ME-- SKREEEKK!
DEAR LORD --IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
BUT--IT CAN'T HAPPEN NOW...NOT BEFORE THE FULL MOON! SHE CAN'T BE TURNING INTO THE SHE-BAT-- IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
PLEASE, DARLING-- STAY CALM! I'LL GET YOU A SEDATIVE...
SKREEK!
MINUTES LATER...
THERE. THAT SHOULD HOLD HER-- JUST IN CASE.
FORGIVE ME, LOVE-- I KNOW YOU SHOULD BE IN THE HOSPITAL... AND YOU WILL BE, AS SOON AS THEY HAVE ROOM AT LANDAU.
KIRK?
OUT IN A MINUTE--!
CAN'T LET THEM IN HERE ... TO SEE FRANCIE LIKE THAT!

I'M SORRY KIRK--I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS.
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE FRANCINE, LITTLE SISTER. SHE'S NOT WELL.
AND YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY EDGY YOURSELF LATELY, KIRK. WE THOUGHT IF WE THREW THIS PARTY FOR YOU, YOU'D UNWIND.
I WISH I COULD LOOSEN UP, BUT--EH?
KIRK! WE'RE TALKING TO YOU!
HEY, MAN--WHAT'S WITH YOU...?
THAT SHADOW ON THE BALCONY--
...YOU NEVER USED TO ACT SO SPACEY...
AND THE WAY YOU DRESS--WITH THAT CAPE! LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF DRACULA--LIKE ANY MINUTE YOU'RE GONNA TURN INTO A BAT OR SOMETHING--!
IF YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY MY SISTER, TED, I SUGGEST YOU TEACH HER WHEN TO SHUT UP!
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?
SHH...LEAVE HIM ALONE HONEY.
SOMETHING TELLS ME YOUR BROTHER'S GOT... PROBLEMS.
MORE THAN YOU CAN KNOW, TED FRIEDEL...
IT'S HIM--THE GUY WHO TRIED TO TRAP ME!
HE MUST KNOW KIRK LANGSTROM IS MAN-BAT, BUT I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT HIM!
WELL, THAT'S GOING TO CHANGE.
I'VE GOT MORE SERUM NOW--AND THIS TIME THE MAN-BAT'S GOING TO FIND OUT JUST WHO HE'S FIGHTING!

BUT, TWO STEPS AWAY...
WHAT--?! HE SAW ME? BUT--HOW-- --HOW?
BRA-KASSH!
TOO BAD, PAL! I'M ONE FELLA YOU CAN'T SNEAK UP ON!
DID YOU HEAR AN ODD NOISE JUST NOW?
SPEAK UP-- CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER ALL THIS TALKING!
YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLANATIONS TO MAKE, CREEP-- ABOUT THIS FACE--!
DON'T TELL ME--LET ME GUESS.
SKREEEK!
YOU WANT TO KNOW IF I'M WEARING A MASK... RIGHT?
ANSWER: I'M NOT!
GOOD LORD...
10

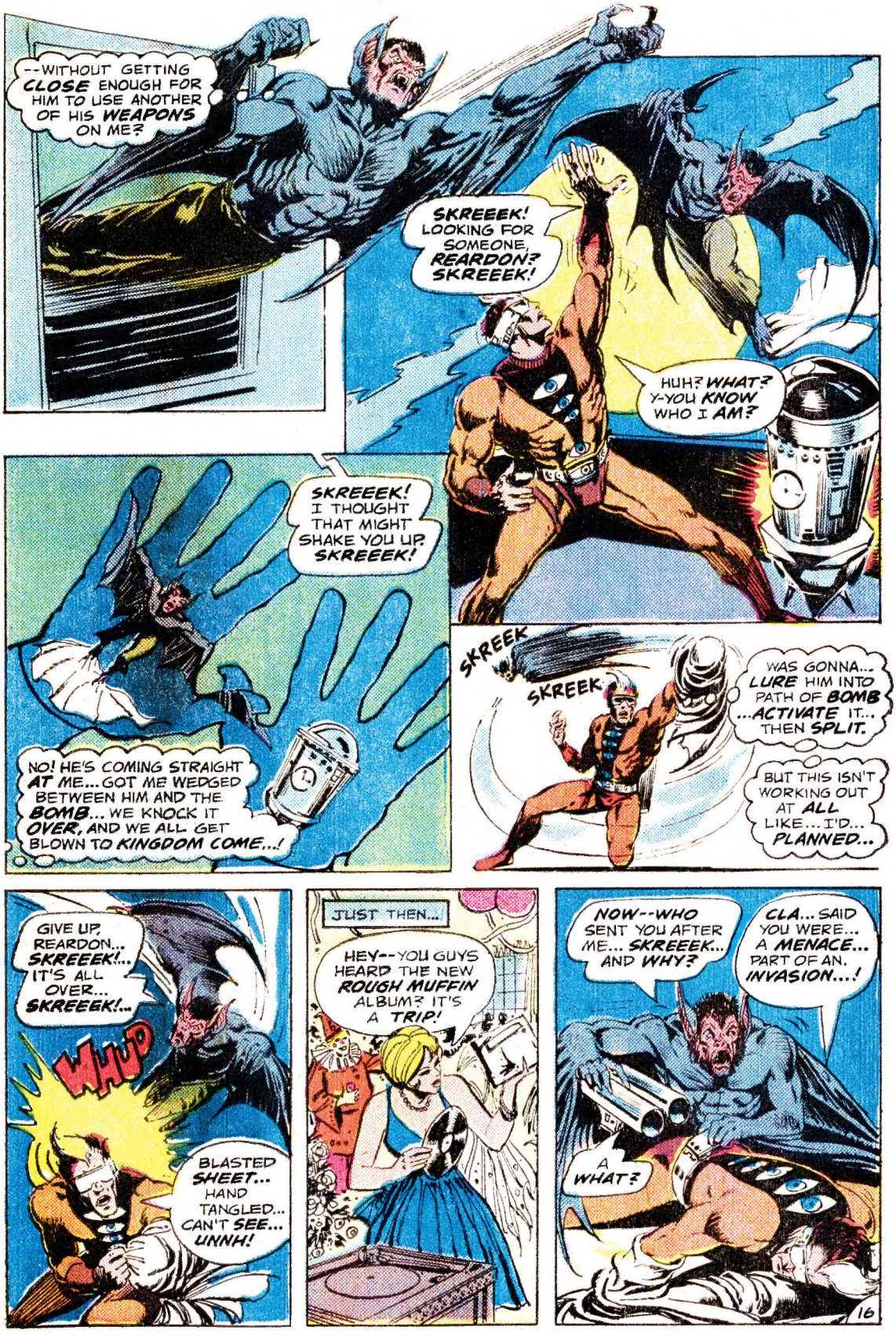
UNNH!
WHAM!
SKREEK!
HE'S TOO STUNNED TO TURN ON HIS JET-PACK --GOING TO HIT!
MAYBE I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS-- AND WHAT'S BUGGING ME ABOUT HIM --WHEN I CATCH HIM!
IT'S THOSE ODD HAND-GESTURES HE MAKES-- IT'S AS THOUGH THEY MEAN SOMETHING!
AND THE WAY HE MOVES-- EVERY-WHERE AT ONCE--
--LIKE HE HAD EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!
FINALLY, AT CLOSE RANGE, THE MAN-BAT IS ABLE TO SEE...
WHAT THE --? HIS GOGGLES -- THEY'RE TOTALLY OPAQUE. HE CAN'T POSSIBLY SEE THROUGH THEM! BUT--THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE--!
HAH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SMART. CAN'T YOU TELL WHEN SOMEONE'S PLAYING POSSUM?
YOU AIN'T NO MAN-BAT... YOU'RE A DING-BAT!*
KRAAAK!
*FREE PLUG--GERRY
AND NOW YOU'RE AS BLIND AS A BAT-- THANKS TO MY BOSS'S THICK LATEX SPRAY!
SPLOOSH
SKREEK!
OKAY, FREAK! WHERE DO YOU COME FROM-- WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH NORMAL FOLKS--AND WHY ARE YOU POSING AS A HUMAN--? TELL ME FAST, OR--HUH?
GONE?
I'M TESTING A THEORY, MY PECULIAR FRIEND.
SKEEEK
THANKS TO MY BAT-SONAR, I'M NOT AS BLIND AS YOU THINK--I CAN SENSE SHAPES--LIKE THIS SHRUB-POT--WHICH SHOULD FULFILL MY NEEDS NICELY!
GIVE UP, BAT-THING... OR WHATEVER YOU ARE! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
11


NO WAY, PAL, SKREEK. I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS! SKREEEK!
THAT POT-- WHAT'RE YOU--?
YAAHH! THE PAIN! MY HANDS-- I CAN'T SEE! MY HANDS!
SKREEEK! JUST AS I THOUGHT-- SKREEEK!
YOU WERE BLINDED WHEN YOU CAUGHT THAT SHRUB! SKREEEK! WHEN YOU USED YOUR HANDS!
--BECAUSE --SKREEK-- IN SOME INSANE WAY--YOU SEE WITH YOUR FINGERS!
KKSHUMP
THIS IS ONE TIME WHERE DISCRETION REALLY IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.
SONAR IS FINE FOR BATS, BUT THE MAN IN ME WOULD LIKE TO SEE AGAIN.
I'D STAY TO FIGHT-- BUT HE'S OUT COLD.
I NEED A BREATHER TO GET THIS STICKUM OFF MY FACE... "TEN-EYES" WILL BE AFTER ME SOON ENOUGH.
BESIDES, I CAN'T VERY WELL TAKE HIM INTO CUSTODY --EVEN BY MAKING A CITIZEN'S ARREST.
12

SOMEHOW THE THOUGHT OF MAN-BAT SWOOPING INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS STRIKES ME AS LUDICROUS...
...AND A LITTLE DANGEROUS.
WAIT! NOW I REMEMBER! I ONCE READ ABOUT SOMEONE JUST LIKE "TEN EYES"! HE FOUGHT THE BATMAN IN GOTHAM CITY--
--PHIL REARDON, THE TEN-EYED MAN!
REARDON! IN CASE THE NAME MEANS NOTHING TO YOU, GENTLE READER...LET US TAKE YOU BACKWARD IN TIME 2 MONTHS, TO THE GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY...
...WHERE ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINALS IN THE WORLD SAT IN A CELL, HIS HANDS LOCKED IN AN OPAQUE BOX...
IS THIS HIM? THE ONE WITH THE OPTIC NERVES IN HIS FINGERTIPS?
YEAH-- THAT'S REARDON.
THE HAND-BOX IS A MAXIMUM-SECURITY MEASURE, MR. LOVELL.
BECAUSE OF HIS... SPECIAL ABILITIES... REARDON HAS VIRTUAL 360-DEGREE VISION. WITHOUT THE BOX, ESCAPE WOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY FOR HIM.
BUT... THAT MEANS HE'S KEPT TOTALLY BLIND-- AT ALL TIMES?
I'M AFRAID SO.
GUARD, THAT'S THE CRUELEST, MOST INHUMAN, PUNISHMENT I'VE EVER HEARD OF!
AS OF THIS MOMENT, PHIL REARDON IS A CLIENT OF THE CIVIL LIBERTIES ASSOCIATION!
15

IT WAS ARRANGED WITHIN WEEKS: BECAUSE OF THE DURATION OF HIS "CRUEL" PUNISHMENT, IT WAS DECIDED REARDON HAD PAID HIS "DEBT TO SOCIETY"...IN FULL.
PAROLE WAS GRANTED IMMEDIATELY--
CIVIL LIBERTIES ASSOCIATION
--AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE CLA WAS MADE RESPONSIBLE FOR REARDON'S PSYCHOLOGICAL REHABILITATION.
BUT LOVELL HAD HIS OWN FORM OF "PSYCHOTHERAPY" FOR A MADMAN LIKE REARDON. SOME MIGHT CALL IT... "BRAINWASHING"...
CLA
CIVIL LIBERTIES ASSOCIATION
I BELIEVE IN BASIC FREEDOMS, MR. REARDON--AND THEIR PRESERVATION IS THE CLA'S PURPOSE.
VERY OFTEN, JUSTICE IS BLIND--JUST AS YOU ONCE WERE, AFTER THAT ACCIDENT THE BATMAN CAUSED...*
...THUS, YOU SURELY UNDERSTAND THAT THOSE OF US WHO DO SEE MUST SOMETIMES...ER..."HELP JUSTICE ALONG."
WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO SAY, PAL?
*BATMAN #226: GERRY
JUST THIS: GOTHAM IS UNDER SEIGE--ASSAULTED BY "SUPER" CREATURES--SUCH AS THESE MONSTROUS MAN-BATS.
SO FAR, COMMISSIONER GORDON HAS REFUSED TO ACKNOWLEDGE SIGHTINGS OF THESE STRANGE BAT-PEOPLE--DESPITE ALL EVIDENCE THAT WE'RE BEING INVADED.
REARDON, I SUGGEST WE TAKE THE OFFENSIVE--BRING THE BAT-PEOPLE TO JUSTICE OURSELVES.
EVER SINCE MY DAUGHTER WAS KILLED WHEN THE BLOCKBUSTER RAMPAGED ACROSS THIS CITY, I'VE KNOWN MY MISSION IN LIFE--
--TO STOP THE MINDLESS, MARAUDING SUPER-MONSTERS WHO WOULD DESTROY US.
HERE--THIS BELT IS EQUIPPED WITH SPECIALLY-DESIGNED WEAPONS. YOU CAN USE THEM WITH ONLY ONE HAND...
...WHILE SEEING WITH THE OTHER.

FROM GOTHAM THE BAT-PEOPLE CONSPIRACY HAS SPREAD TO LAS VEGAS.. THE CARIBBEAN... AND LATELY, CHICAGO--YOUR
I BELIEVE THEY'RE THE MYSTERY-RACE FROM BENEATH THE NORTH POLE --PLOTTING TO CONQUER US.
BUT BOSS--THE NERVE-GRAFTS IN MY FINGER TIPS... THEY'RE SUFFERING TISSUE REJECTION!
I'M GOING BLIND AGAIN. WHAT GOOD AM I FOR THIS GIG?
THAT JUST MEANS YOU'VE GOT A PERSONAL STAKE IN THIS, REARDON.
CAPTURE ONE OF THOSE CREATURES AND WE'LL EXPERIMENT... FIND A WAY TO GIVE YOU ITS SONAR-ABILITY.
AND SON, THAT'S A PROMISE.
WILL YOU REALLY DO THAT--HELP REARDON REPLACE HIS SIGHT WITH THAT POWER?
COME, COME, MY DEAR REGINA. WHEN THE LIGHT DIES FOR REARDON, HIS USEFULLNESS TO ME IS FINISHED...
...AND SO, I IMAGINE, IS HE.
AND SO REARDON TRACKED THE MAN-BAT TO CHICAGO... AND ULTIMATELY TO THIS FINAL, FATEFUL HOUR...
THE BAT-FREAK KNOWS MY SECRET NOW... SOON HE'LL COME LOOKING FOR ME.
WHEN HE DOES, THIS MAGNESIUM-FLARE BOMB WILL BLIND AND STUN HIM.
--AND I'LL HAVE A MAN-BAT IN CAPTIVITY.
MEANWHILE, IN THE BUILDING'S BASEMENT...
THERE. I CAN SEE AGAIN.
NOW TO FIND REARDON. BUT THE QUESTION IS: HOW DO I CATCH HIM--
15


--WITHOUT GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO USE ANOTHER OF HIS WEAPONS ON ME?
SKREEEK! LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, REARDON? SKREEEK!
HUH? WHAT? Y-YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
SKREEEK! I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT SHAKE YOU UP. SKREEEK!
NO! HE'S COMING STRAIGHT AT ME... GOT ME WEDGED BETWEEN HIM AND THE BOMB... WE KNOCK IT OVER, AND WE ALL GET BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME...!
SKREEK
SKREEK
WAS GONNA... LURE HIM INTO PATH OF BOMB ...ACTIVATE IT... THEN SPLIT.
BUT THIS ISN'T WORKING OUT AT ALL LIKE... I'D... PLANNED...
GIVE UP, REARDON... SKREEEK!... IT'S ALL OVER... SKREEEK!...
WHUP
BLASTED SHEET... HAND TANGLED... CAN'T SEE... UNNH!
JUST THEN...
HEY--YOU GUYS HEARD THE NEW ROUGH MUFFIN ALBUM? IT'S A TRIP!
NOW--WHO SENT YOU AFTER ME... SKREEEK... AND WHY?
CLA... SAID YOU WERE... A MENACE... PART OF AN INVASION...!
A WHAT?
16

SUDDENLY, A CRASHING CRESCENDO OF ROCK MUSIC KNIFES THROUGH THE ROOF FROM KIRK LANGSTROM'S APARTMENT--FLOODING THE MAN-BAT'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARDRUMS WITH... PAIN!
SKREEEK! MY... MY EARS! MY EARS!
SKREEK!
KKZAKK!
OH, NO! NO! YOU KNOCKED OVER THE BOMB. WE'VE GOT THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE IT--
--BOMB? I HAD NO IDEA...!
DIDN'T MEAN TO LET GO OF THE BELT... IT WAS JUST A REFLEX--!
TIK-TIK-TIK
REFLEX! THAT'S IT!
I'VE GOT TO BLIND REARDON LONG ENOUGH TO GRAB HIM... OR THIS MINDLESS FIGHTING WILL JUST GO ON!
AND NOW I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!
AND EVEN THOUGH HIS HEAD POUNDS WITH EXQUISITE AGONY, THE MAN-BAT CLEARS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE ESCAPING REARDON...
TIK-TIK-TIK
THE WAY HE CAUGHT THAT SHRUB POT--INSTEAD OF JUST SIDE-STEPPING IT--IT WAS A REFLEX RESPONSE--JUST AS THIS IS GOING TO BE A REFLEX!
TIK-TIK-TIK
THAT BOMB WAS YOUR DOING REARDON--SKREEK --NOW FACE THE CONSEQUENCES.

MY EYES HAVE TO PROTECT--
KA-BOOOM
MY EYES! MY FINGERS! I'M BLIND!
AS I HOPED --EVEN THOUGH THE EYES IN HIS HEAD WERE USELESS--
--HE SHIELDED THEM AS A REFLEX-ACTION --BLINDING HIMSELF!
BUT BEFORE THE SMOKE OF THE BLAST HAS FULLY CLEARED...
REARDON --WAIT! LOOK OUT!
SKREEEK! TOO LATE!
YAAAHHH!
IT'S OVER! HE'S DEAD!
AND I NEVER KNEW WHY HE ATTACKED ME --IT ALL SEEMS SO POINTLESS. A THOUSAND QUESTIONS--ABOUT REARDON--AND THAT CLA HE MENTIONED-- WILL NEVER BE ANSWERED!
NOTHING TO DO BUT...GO BACK TO THE PARTY.
YEAH... THE PARTY.
SWELL.
FIN!
18

5 YEARS EXPERIENCE

From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH

ADAM & AL